

# WEIRD

ANC

## Thrillers



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No. 2  
WINTER

Tyrant of the  
Upper Regions  
**THE FISHERMAN  
OF SPACE**

All the World Had  
Perished Except  
**THE LAST MAN**



Death Struck Twice  
**THE CYCLE OF TIME**



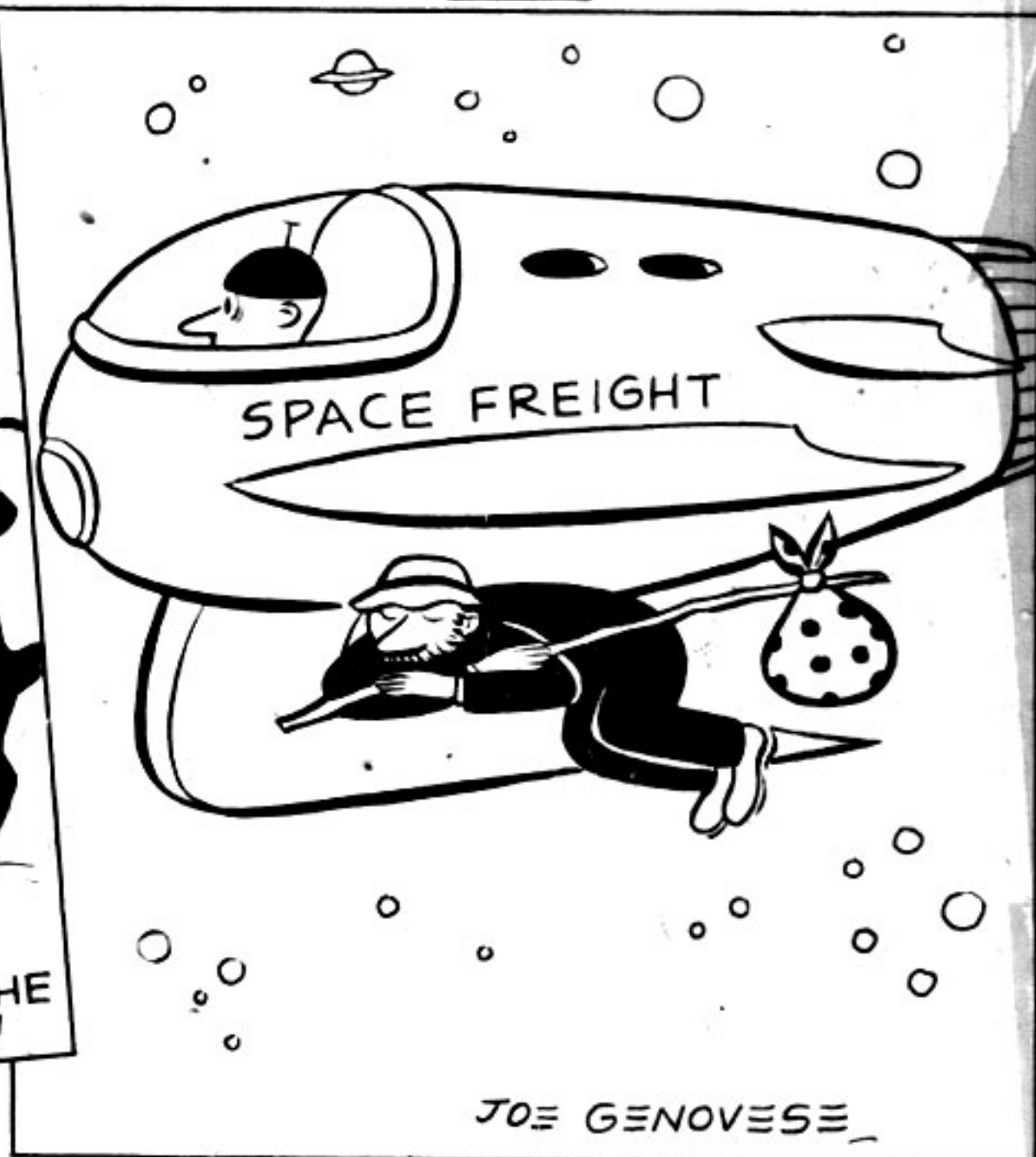
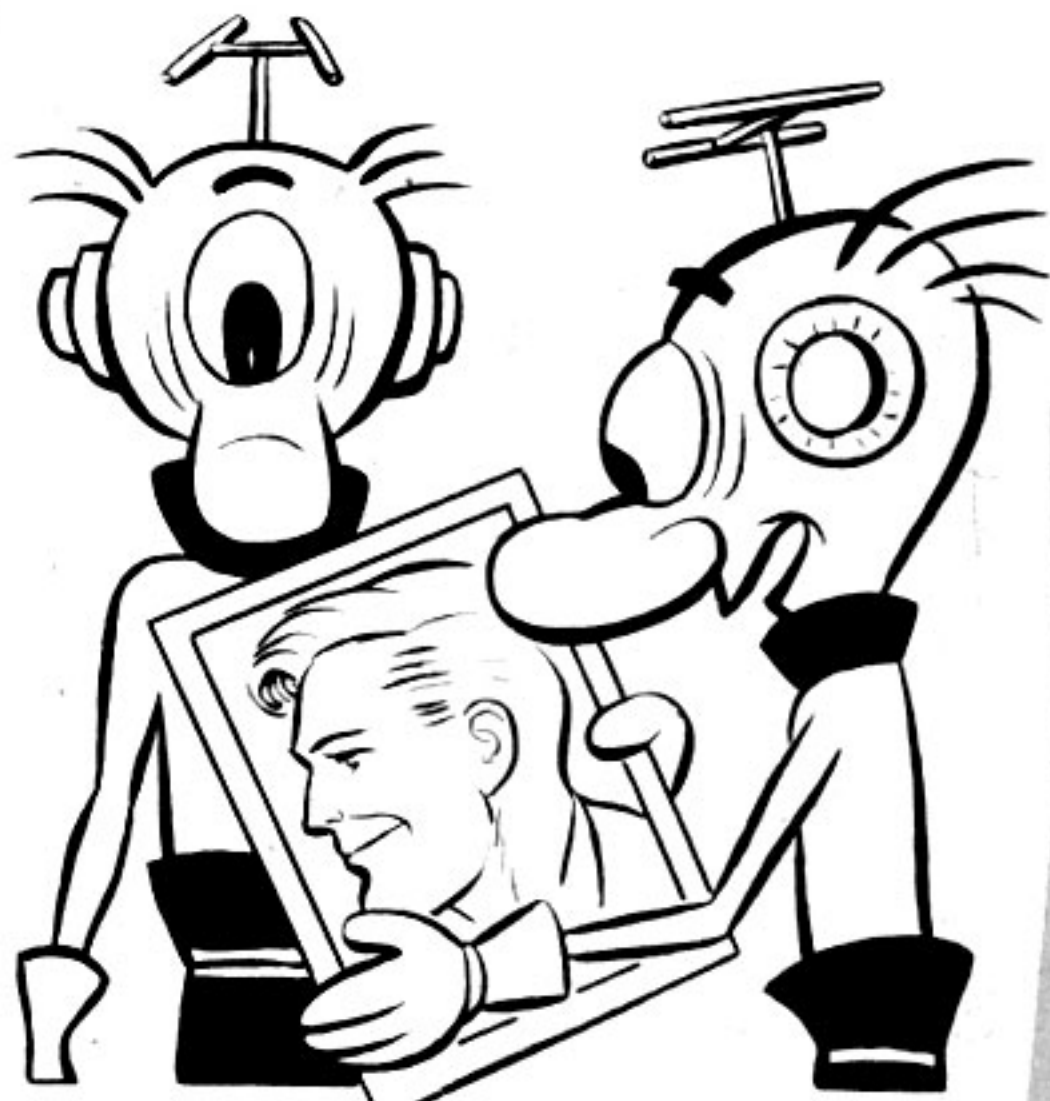




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# WEIRD WORLDS



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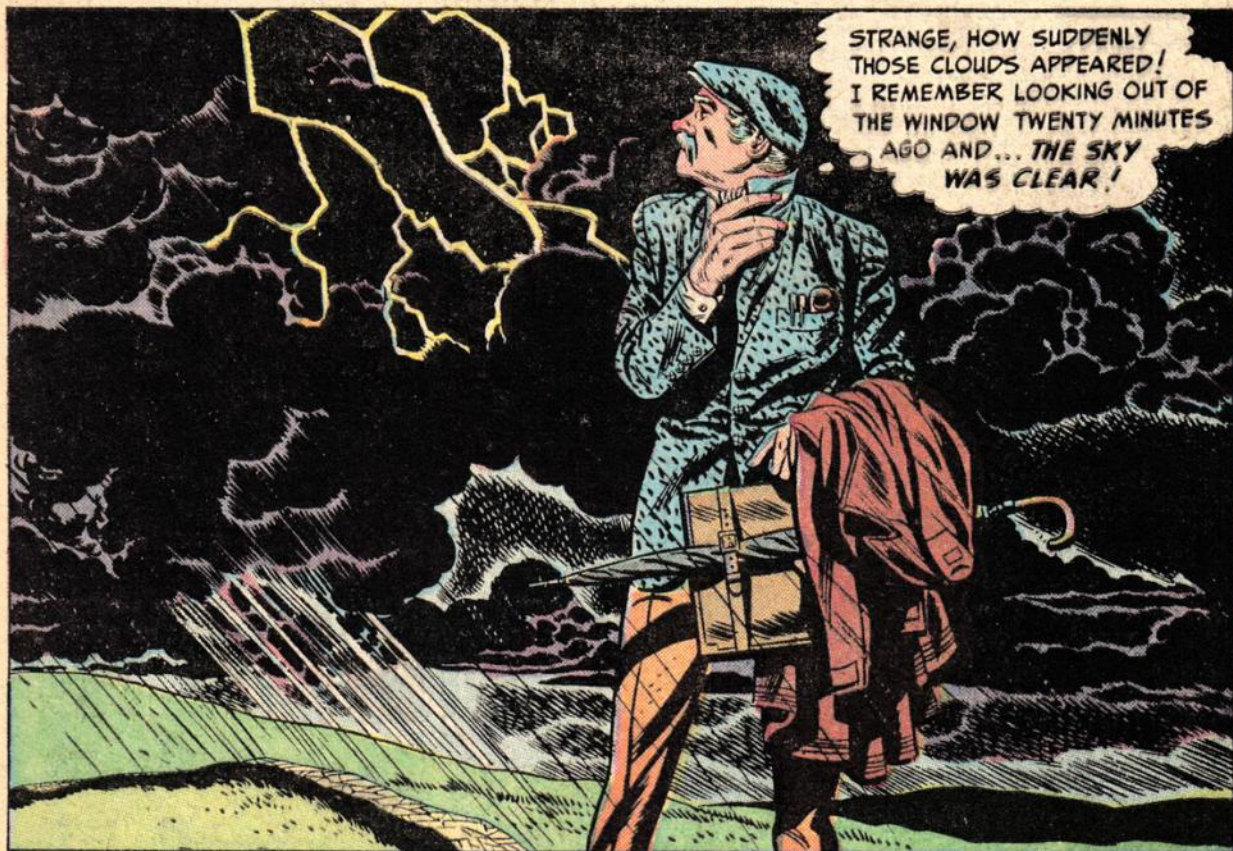
WEIRD THRILLERS, Vol. 1, No. 2, WINTER 1951, published quarterly by Approved Comics, Inc., 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at Chicago, Ill. Single copies 10c. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions \$1.20 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

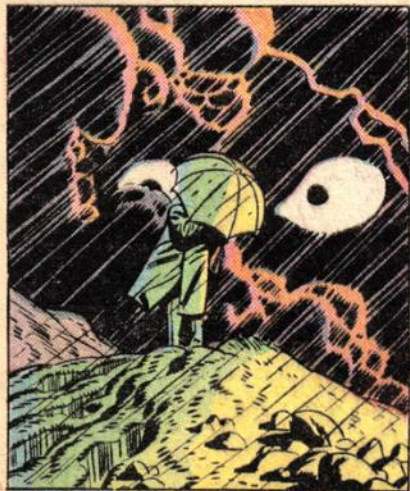


# The FISHERMAN of SPACE

OUR STORY OPENS IN ROCKSBRIDGE, ENGLAND, A SMALL RURAL COMMUNITY NOT FAR FROM DOVER. SIR CYRIL BENTLEY, A LEADING BRITISH PHYSICIST, HAS BEEN WORKING LATE IN HIS LABORATORY. NOW HE IS FACED WITH THE PROBLEM OF GETTING HOME BEFORE THE THREATENING STORM-CLOUDS UNLEASH A TORRENT OF RAIN...



SO BENTLEY TRUDGES THE HALF-MILE TOWARD HIS HOME. SUDDENLY, AN UGLY AND TERRIFYING VISAGE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUDS!



SUDDENLY THE FOLDS OF THE NET ENCIRCLE BENTLEY! HE FIGHTS DESPERATELY AS HE IS LIFTED HIGH INTO SPACE, HIS SCREAMS LOST AMID THE DEAFENING FURY OF THE THUNDER.





WITHIN A FEW HOURS, INSPECTOR CLIVE HAVERSHAM OF SCOTLAND YARD AND AN ASSISTANT ARE ON THE SCENE, INVESTIGATING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE RENOWNED SCIENTIST...

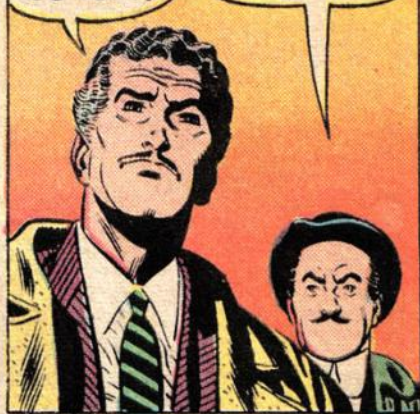


PERKINS, HAVE YOU NOTICED A STRANGE SMELL IN THE AIR? IT'S **OZONE** - **"BURNT" AIR**! ORDINARY OXYGEN SMELLS LIKE THAT WHEN AN ELECTRIC SPARK PASSES THROUGH IT!

THAT'S UNDERSTAND-ABLE, SIR! THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC STORM IN THIS AREA LAST NIGHT!

YES, BUT THE ODOR IS **TOO STRONG** FOR MERELY **ONE** LIGHTNING BOLT! AND IT'S LASTED TOO LONG!

BY GEORGE, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SIR! AND THE ODOR IS ONLY IN THIS **ONE SPOT**!



YES... COME ON, PERKINS, WE'RE GOING BACK TO LONDON! THERE'S NO LONGER ANY NEED FOR US TO BE DETAINED HERE... AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO CHECK IN MY HOME LIBRARY!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

I WAS **RIGHT**! I KNEW I REMEMBERED READING ABOUT THIS BEFORE! BUT I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU - THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT IS... **FRIGHTENING**!



HERE IS AN ACCOUNT FROM ANCIENT GREEK WRITINGS - ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE **DISAPPEARING INTO THIN AIR**! THE GREEKS THOUGHT THAT THE GOD **ZEUS** CAME DOWN TO EARTH TO TAKE SOME FAMOUS MORTAL UP TO **MOUNT OLYMPUS**! AND THESE MEN **ALL** DISAPPEARED **DURING STORMS**!



HERE'S ANOTHER ACCOUNT FROM THE MIDDLE AGES! SAME SITUATION - BUT **HERE** THE PEOPLE BELIEVED IT WAS THE **DEVIL** WHO SNATCHED UP THE FAMOUS MEN - BECAUSE OF THE SMELL OF **"FIRE AND BRIMSTONE"** THAT ALWAYS CLUNG TO THE AREA AFTERWARD. **PERKINS - IT ALL ADDS UP!**





I'M AFRAID I DON'T SEE WHAT ALL THIS HAS TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SIR CYRIL -

PERKINS, THERE ARE **WEIRD** AND **POWERFUL** FORCES AT WORK IN THIS WORLD, AND A MAN IS A FOOL TO EITHER DENY OR IGNORE THEM. I TELL YOU **THIS** WAS **NOT** AN ORDINARY KIDNAPPING!

DON'T YOU SEE? A SUDDEN STORM - A FAMOUS MAN VANISHES INTO SPACE!! ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE STRONG, UNNATURAL ODOR OF **OZONE!** THE PATTERN'S COMPLETE! IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE - AND NEITHER THE MEN OR THEIR **BODIES** WERE **EVER** SEEN AGAIN!

WELL, I MUST MOVE ON! I'VE A REPORT TO FILE AT THE YARD! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR OR SO, PERKINS! STAY HERE - WE'LL DISCUSS THE CASE FURTHER WHEN I RETURN!

RIGHTO, INSPECTOR!

A HALF HOUR LATER AS INSPECTOR HAVERSHAM CROSSES WATERLOO BRIDGE...

DRAT THE LUCK! IT'S GETTING SO DARK - LOOKS LIKE A BAD STORM IS BREWING!

EXCUSE ME, SIR! I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY BEARINGS! COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MAYFLOWER HOTEL?

CERTAINLY! I SAY - I RECOGNIZE **YOU!** YOU'RE JACK BARLOW, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JAVELIN THROWER, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE -- LOOK!!

SUDDENLY, A TERRIBLE SHAPE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUDS - AND THE NET IS CAST ONCE MORE...

WHA-?!  
NO! HELP!  
HELP!!

GREAT  
SCOTT!!

ALL RIGHT, "FISHERMAN"!  
LIFT AWAY! I'LL  
WAGER YOU NEVER  
PICKED UP A  
**HITCH-HIKER**  
BEFORE!



HANGING GRIMLY TO THE NET, HAVERSHAM IS HOISTED UP UP... INTO THE SWIRLING MIST! THEN HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...



WHEN HE REVIVES, HE IS LYING ON A CORAL SURFACE - NEAR THE AMERICAN ATHLETE...

HELLO, THERE! I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT YOU WERE DEAD! WE TOOK A PRETTY BAD FALL WHEN THAT... **THING**... SHOOK US OUT OF THE NET!



WELL, IF THIS IS **OLYMPUS**, THEN I'M A SADLY DISILLUSIONED MAN!

**OLYMPUS?** HARDLY. IT SEEMS TO BE MORE OF A TROPICAL ISLAND - BUT A **STRANGE** ONE. LOOK AT THOSE BLACK CLOUDS SURROUNDING US ON ALL SIDES!



THERE SEEMS TO BE SMOKE COMING FROM OVER THERE! PERHAPS WE'LL FIND OTHERS - IN FACT I'M **SURE** OF IT!

WELL, I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING - EXCEPT THAT THIS IS ALL A **DREAM** AND I'LL WAKE UP ANY MINUTE IN MY OWN BED!



I WISH IT WERE AS SIMPLE AS THAT - BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT! OH, HERE WE ARE! JUST AS I THOUGHT - THERE ARE **OTHERS**! COME ON, LET'S GO DOWN AND MEET THEM - WHOEVER THEY ARE!



WELL, THERE THEY ARE! **FANTASTIC**, ISN'T IT?

NO, THIS CAN'T BE A **DREAM** - IT'S TOO HORRIBLY **REAL**!



WELCOME - LATEST VICTIMS! WELCOME TO THE **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**!





I BEG YOUR PARDON - BUT YOU'RE SIR CYRIL BENTLEY, AREN'T YOU? I *KNEW* I'D FIND YOU HERE!

WELL, HOW DO YOU DO, SIR! YOU'RE AN ENGLISHMAN, OBVIOUSLY, AND FROM MY OWN PERIOD. HAPPY TO SEE YOU!



AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M FROM SCOTLAND YARD! I WAS INVESTIGATING *YOUR* DISAPPEARANCE WHEN I RAN INTO... THE *FISHERMAN*. SO HERE I AM.

SO IT'S TRUE THAT SCOTLAND YARD ALWAYS *DOES* FIND ITS MAN! BUT IT SEEMS YOU'VE GONE TO EXTREMES, EH?



YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING THIS... "ADVENTURE" CALMLY, IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR!

MY DEAR FELLOW, WHAT *ELSE* IS THERE TO *DO*? WE ARE TO STAY ON THIS ISLAND *FOREVER*, NEVER TO DIE... NEVER TO GROW OLD... *PRISONER SUBJECTS OF THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE!*



YOU SEE, THE *FISHERMAN* IS A FREAK OF NATURE, A CREATURE OF THE SWIRLING GASSES OF *SPACE*. HE WAS CREATED ACCIDENTALLY DURING PRE-HISTORIC TIMES. THIS ISLAND, TOO, IS AN UNNATURAL ONE, SURROUNDED BY A CONTINUOUS STORM CENTER THAT SOMEHOW CREATED AN *IMMORTAL ZONE*. *NOTHING HERE NEVER DIES!*



THE OTHERS TELL ME THE MONSTER IS VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE! BECOMING BORED WITH HIS MISERABLE IMMORTALITY, HE LONG AGO STARTED SNATCHING THE LEADING BRAINS AND BRAWN OF EACH PERIOD OF HISTORY TO SERVE AS HIS SUBJECTS ON THIS DEATHLESS ISLE!



AND THERE IS NO POSSIBLE WAY TO GET OFF THE ISLAND?

NONE. BELIEVE ME, I HAVE LOOKED. THE SWIRLING STORM THAT CONSTANTLY SURROUNDS THE ISLAND CREATES A SUCTION. NO BOAT COULD GET THROUGH. IN FACT MANY BOATS FROM OUTSIDE HAVE BEEN SUCKED IN AND DASHED TO BITS AGAINST THE REEF!



THE FISHERMAN LIVES IN THE CENTER OF THE VOLCANO, IN THE HOT GASSES OF THE CRATER. HE ONLY EMERGES TO GET OTHER... "SUBJECTS."

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT AN IDEA, SIR CYRIL! YOU MENTIONED SMASHED SHIPS. PERHAPS WE COULD FIND A USABLE *RADIO* AMONG THEM!





NO! I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, BUT WE COULD NEVER GET A RADIO SIGNAL **THROUGH** THOSE **CLOUDS** AROUND THE ISLAND. TOO MUCH STATIC ELECTRICITY!

PERHAPS - BUT WE COULD SEND SIGNALS **OVER** THEM - IF WE RAN AN **AERIAL** UP THE SIDE OF THAT VOLCANO! COME ON!



A SMASHED PT BOAT SUPPLIES THEM WITH THE RADIO EQUIPMENT THEY NEED. THEN...

NOW TO FIND THAT **AMERICAN!** A **JAVELIN-THROWER** IS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!



LATER...

GOOD THROW! THAT DID IT! THE SPAR IS STUCK IN THE VOLCANIC ASH. THIS AERIAL MIGHT DO THE TRICK AT THAT! **TRY IT!**

RIGHT! **HERE GOES!**



SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY, A SMALL ISLAND IS BEING READED FOR ATOMIC BOMB TESTS. SUDDENLY A **RADIOMAN** INTERRUPTS THE PLANNING...

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SECRET ISLAND OF LOST SOULS IS OUT...

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WE'VE PICKED UP A WEAK SIGNAL! A DISTRESS SIGNAL ... AND A **QUEER** ONE, SIR!



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NO HOAX! I KNOW SIR CYRIL BENTLEY PERSONALLY - AND THAT IS DEFINITELY HIM. I KNOW IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC, BUT I'M CONVINCED THAT THIS **FISHERMAN OF SPACE DOES EXIST** AND MUST BE DESTROYED!

YOU MEAN WITH THE ATOMIC BOMBS?



NO, THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE! REMEMBER OUR PEOPLE ARE ALL PRISONERS ON THAT ISLAND. THERE IS **ANOTHER** WAY, THOUGH. HAVE TWO BOMBERS READED IMMEDIATELY, AND FILL THE BOMB BAYS WITH **SODIUM IODIDE...** AND DRY ICE...

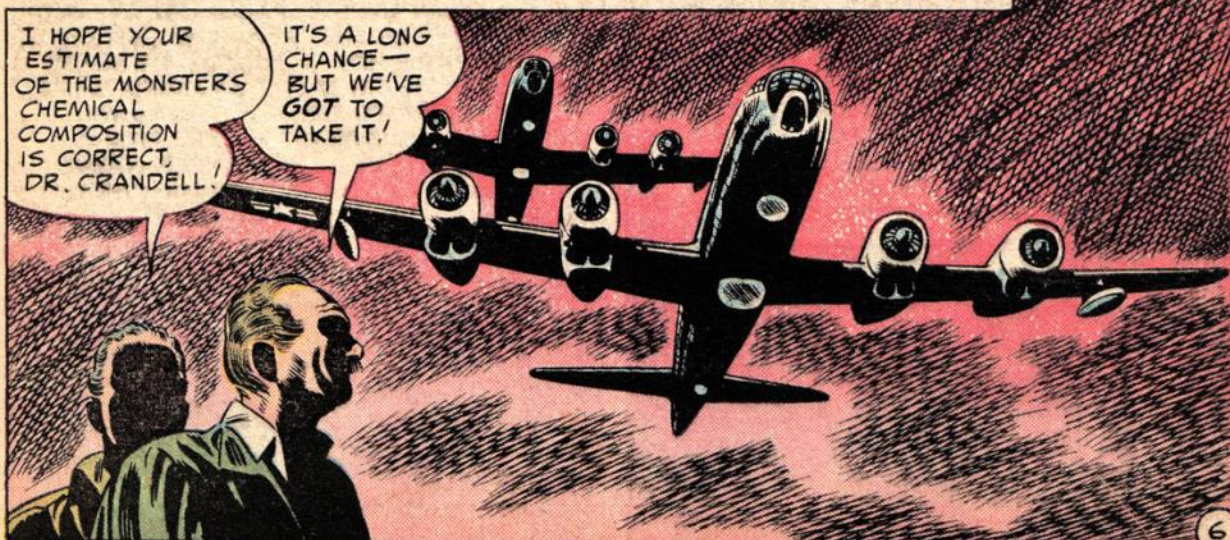
YES, SIR!



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE BOMBERS LIFT GRACEFULLY FROM THE RUNWAY...

I HOPE YOUR ESTIMATE OF THE MONSTERS CHEMICAL COMPOSITION IS CORRECT, DR. CRANDELL!

IT'S A LONG CHANCE - BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!





IT WAS A FANTASTIC STROKE OF LUCK TO REACH MY COLLEAGUE, DR. CRANDELL. HE HAS A BOLD PLAN—BUT IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!

IF IT DOESN'T THE FISHERMAN WILL BE **FURIOUS!** THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THE MONSTER MAY DO!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES...

PILOT TO BOMBARDIER!  
OKAY, GERRY! THERE'S YOUR TARGET! DROP THAT DRY ICE!

BUT THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE HAS HEARD THE PLANES, AND FURIOUS, SWIRLS UPWARD TO CATCH THEM IN HIS NET...

SUDDENLY, HE RUNS INTO THE SWIRL OF SNOW-LIKE CHEMICALS, FROM THE PLANES ABOVE HIM!

MY GOSH! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S REACTING TO THAT DRY-ICE JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY MOISTURE-FILLED CUMULUS CLOUD! HE'S STARTING TO DISSOLVE IN RAIN!

THIS IS FANTASTIC! NOW EVEN THE SURROUNDING CLOUDS HAVE CAUGHT THE CONDENSATION! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SIMPLE! THIS IS **SCIENTIFIC RAIN**, PRODUCED ON A HIGH LEVEL! THE DRY ICE COOLS THE CLOUDS SUDDENLY... THE MOISTURE CONDESES... AND IT **RAINS!** THE FISHERMAN IS MADE OF CLOUDS! HE'S RAINING HIMSELF TO DESTRUCTION!

IN A FEW MINUTES—IT IS ALL OVER! THE STORMS THAT SURROUNDED THE ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE ARE ALL GONE...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MEN OF THE OTHER AGES?

WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS DISAPPEARED, THE ISLAND RETURNED TO NORMAL. THOSE WHO LIVED ON "BORROWED TIME" HAVE GONE TO DUST...AND TO THEIR FINAL PEACE. IT TOOK A TRICK OF MODERN SCIENCE TO FINISH THE FISHERMAN OF SPACE. OH, HERE COMES OUR RESCUE PARTY!

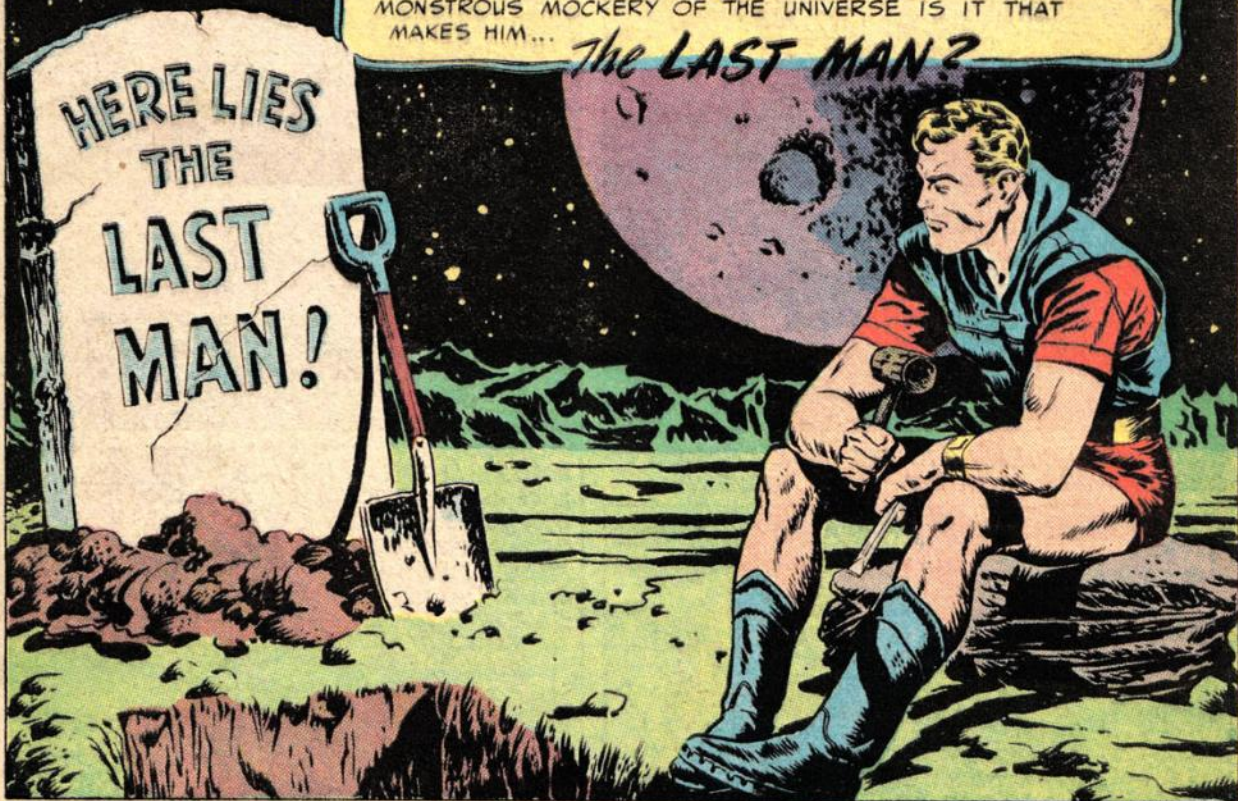
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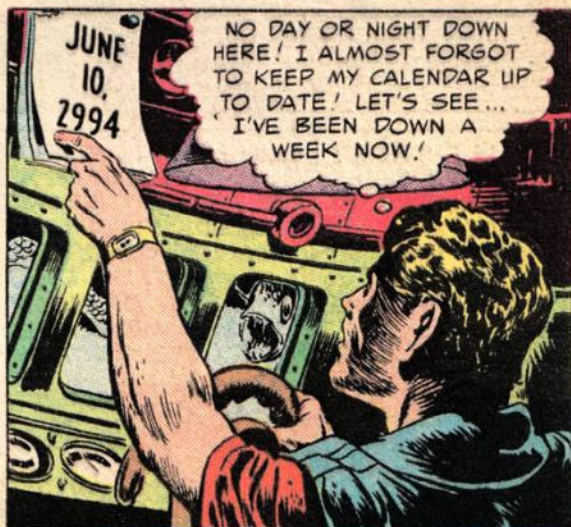
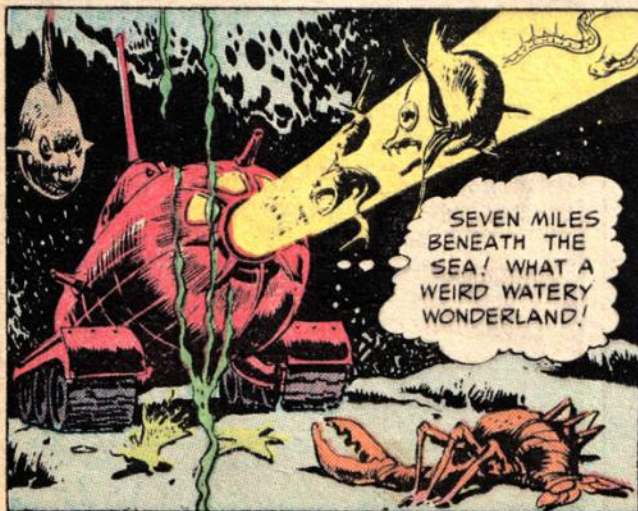
# The LAST MAN

AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL, THE HUMAN RACE SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE PLANETS AND STARS, COLONIZING AND INHABITING ALL THE WORLDS OF THE ENTIRE MILKY WAY GALAXY! BUT WHAT MENACE FROM OUTER SPACE SUDDENLY STRIKES THIS FARFLUNG EMPIRE OF EARTH? WHY DOES ONLY ACHING SILENCE GREET DAN VICKERSON? AND WHAT MONSTROUS MOCKERY OF THE UNIVERSE IS IT THAT MAKES HIM...

*The LAST MAN?*



IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, A STRANGE MECHANICAL MONSTER CHUGS ITS WAY THROUGH THE FANTASTIC REACHES OF THE SEA BOTTOM!



THE PILOT OF THIS ODD MACHINE IS DAN VICKERSON, MARINE EXPLORER



SUDDENLY..!



A SEA-SERPENT!



THAT CRITTER HAS THE POWER TO CRUSH A BATTLESHIP LIKE AN EGG-SHELL! HOPE THIS ELECTRO BOLT CAN HANDLE HIM!



WHEWWW!  
THAT WAS CLOSE!



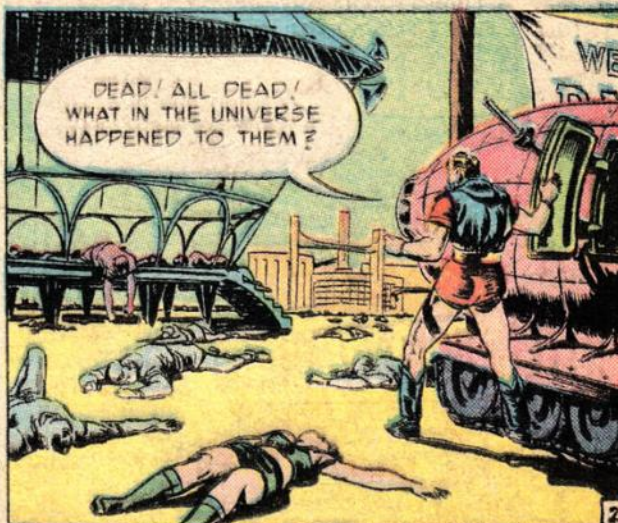
HELLO, SURFACE CONTACT? DAN VICKERSON REPORTING! HELLO! HELLO!... NO ANSWER! THAT'S QUEER! CAN'T RAISE THEM AT ALL! WHAT'S WRONG UP THERE?

THE UNDERSEA EXPLORER TAKES SUCH HAZARDS IN HIS STRIDE. SOON AFTER, HOWEVER, HE BECOMES AWARE OF THE FIRST OMINOUS INKING OF A GRIM MYSTERY!



WELCOME BACK!  
DAN VICKERSON  
COLUMBUS OF THE  
SEA FLOOR!

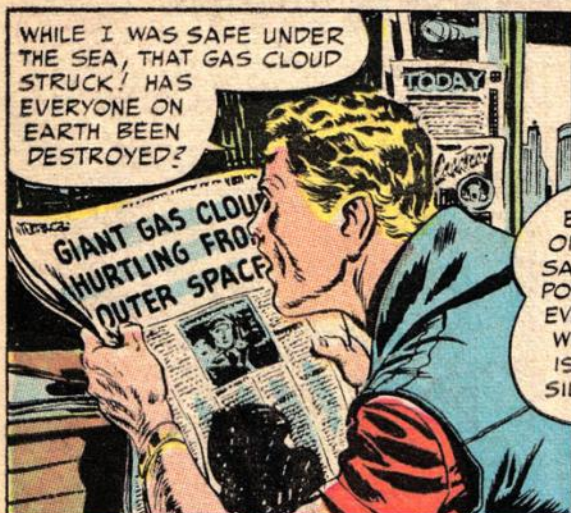
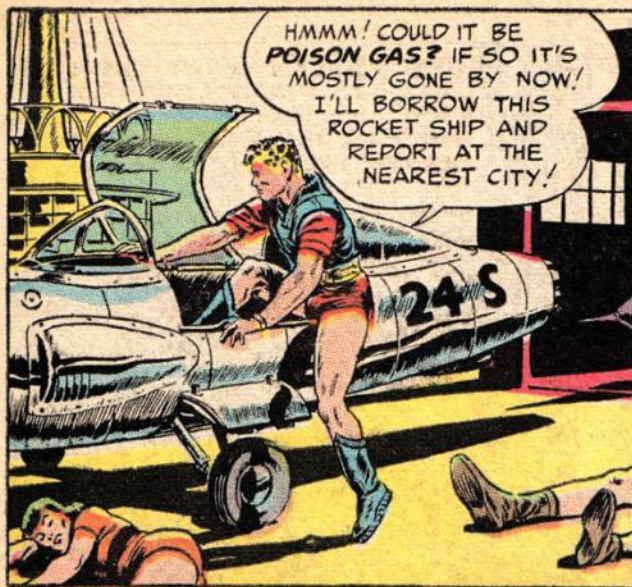
I BROKE ALL UNDERSEA  
RECORDS! LOOKS  
LIKE A BIG  
RECEPTION READY  
FOR ME! WHAT  
AN HONOR!



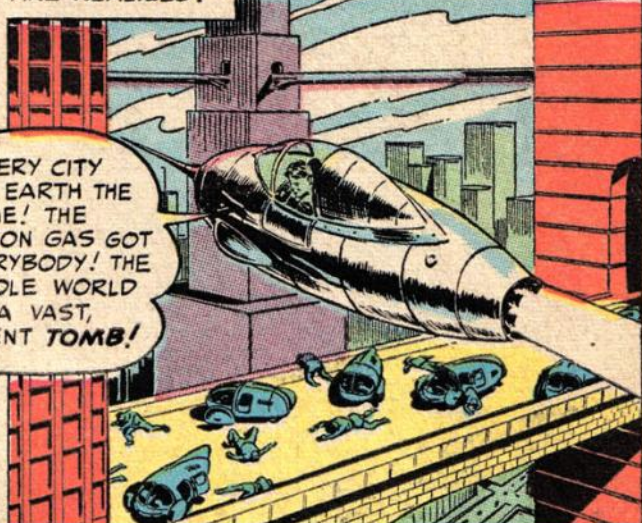
DEAD! ALL DEAD!  
WHAT IN THE UNIVERSE  
HAPPENED TO THEM?

YES, A RECEPTION AWAITS THE MARINE COLUMBUS—  
A VERY STRANGE RECEPTION!

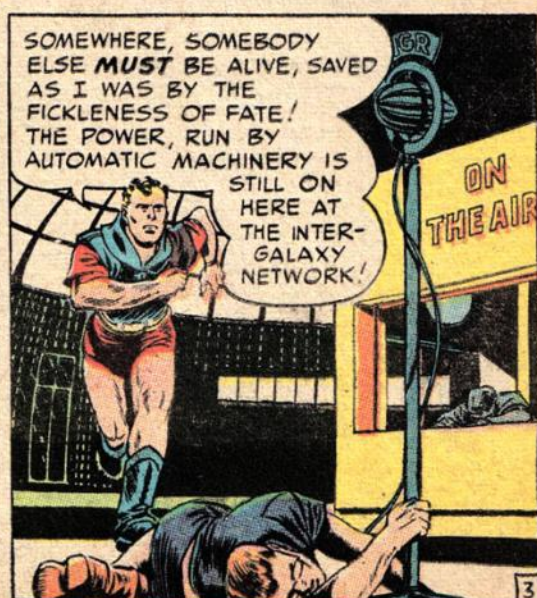




SPEEDING AROUND EARTH, DAN'S WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED!



AFTER LANDING, DAN'S MIND STAGGERS AS HE REALIZES IT WAS MORE THAN A MERE WAR...





HELLO! **HELLO!** THIS IS DAN VICKERSON!  
ISN'T ANYBODY ELSE ALIVE? PLEASE  
ANSWER... PLEASE... **PLEASE!!**



AN ETERNITY OF SILENCE PASSES. THEN THE  
FINAL FEARFUL TRUTH BLASTS OVER HIM!

**I'M THE LAST MAN ALIVE ON  
EARTH! THE LAST MAN! THE  
END OF THE HUMAN RACE!  
WHAT WILL  
BECOME  
OF ME?**



HELLO! DAN VICKERSON?  
I PICKED UP YOUR  
CALL! HELLO!  
HELLO!

A VOICE!  
SOMEONE'S  
TRYING TO  
CONTACT ME!



DAN VICKERSON CALLING!  
THANK HEAVEN ANOTHER  
HUMAN IS ALIVE! WHERE  
ARE YOU?

I'M IN THE  
TERRAN CITY  
MUSEUM. MY  
NAME IS BETTY  
WRISTON. YOU MUST  
COME HERE  
IMMEDIATELY!  
PLEASE!



MINUTES LATER DAN VICKERSON'S ROCKET  
SHIP IS ZOOMING WESTWARD...

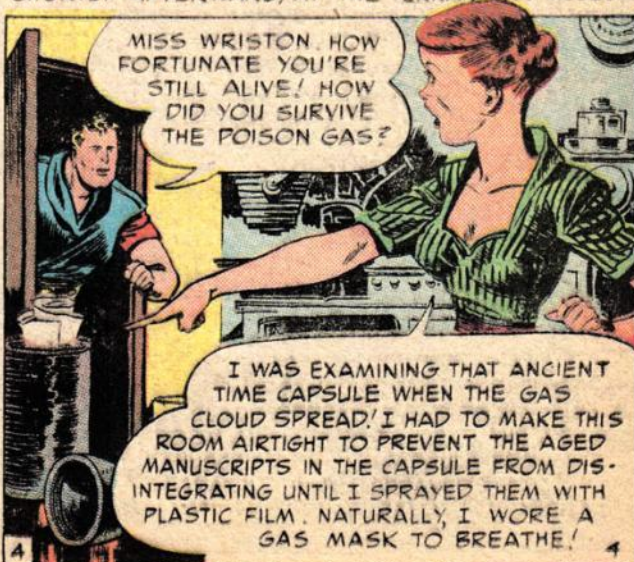
TERRAN CITY SHOULD  
BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS  
VICINITY! **AH!** THERE  
IT IS! I'LL BE AT THE  
MUSEUM IN TEN  
MINUTES!



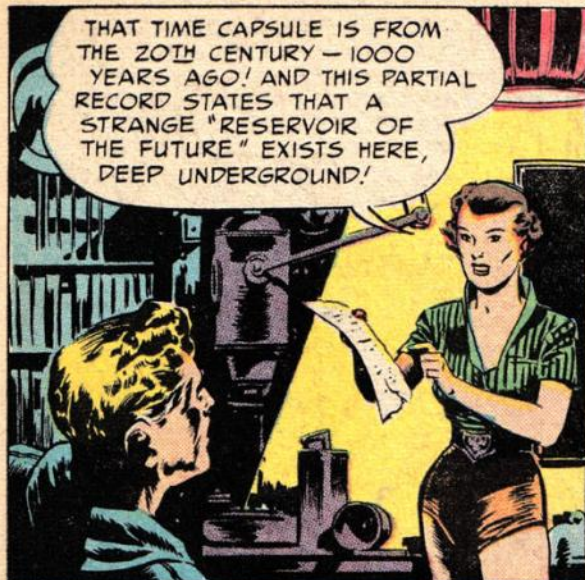
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE TERRAN CITY MUSEUM.

MISS WRISTON, HOW  
FORTUNATE YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE! HOW  
DID YOU SURVIVE  
THE POISON GAS?

I WAS EXAMINING THAT ANCIENT  
TIME CAPSULE WHEN THE GAS  
CLOUD SPREAD! I HAD TO MAKE THIS  
ROOM AIRTIGHT TO PREVENT THE AGED  
MANUSCRIPTS IN THE CAPSULE FROM DIS-  
INTEGRATING UNTIL I SPRAYED THEM WITH  
PLASTIC FILM. NATURALLY, I WORE A  
GAS MASK TO BREATHE!







THAT TIME CAPSULE IS FROM THE 20TH CENTURY - 1000 YEARS AGO! AND THIS PARTIAL RECORD STATES THAT A STRANGE "RESERVOIR OF THE FUTURE" EXISTS HERE, DEEP UNDERGROUND!



THE RESERVOIR OF THE FUTURE WAS BUILT BY A WISE MAN OF THE 20TH CENTURY WHO PROPHESIED DISASTER FOR THE HUMAN RACE. THE REST OF THE MANUSCRIPT HAS CRUMBED, BUT I COULD MAKE OUT A FEW MORE LINES, EXPLAINING...



...THAT THIS RESERVOIR IS HIDDEN FAR BELOW THIS MUSEUM. ACCORDING TO THE DOCUMENT, IT IS THE GREATEST TREASURE ON EARTH! WE **MUST** FIND IT! IT MAY MEAN--

THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE WORLD! HOW VERY INTERESTING, SISTER!



WHA --! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M SHEP RANKIN, BOSS OF THE INTER-SPACE CRIME SYNDICATE. THAT TREASURE YOU JUST SPOKE ABOUT SOUNDS MIGHTY INVITING. LEAD THE WAY! WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!



WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THE GAS ATTACK?

BECAUSE I STARTED IT, THAT'S HOW! WE ONLY INTENDED TO WIPE OUT TERRAN CITY BUT THE POISONOUS VAPORS GOT OUT OF CONTROL AND COVERED THE WHOLE EARTH. OF COURSE, ME AND MY BOYS WERE SAFE. WE TOOK PRECAUTIONS.



WE HEARD ABOUT A SECRET CHAMBER UNDER THE MUSEUM. "THE GREATEST TREASURE ON EARTH!" THE GIRL SAYS. THAT'S WHAT WE FIGURED. NOW LEAD THE WAY, CHUMS!





I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE - IT WAS ALWAYS FORBIDDEN!

KEEP WALKING! WE'LL FIND THAT HIDDEN ROOM IF WE HAVE TO TEAR THE WHOLE PLACE APART! ONCE WE FIND THE TREASURE, ME AND MY BOYS WILL GO TO MARS AND LIVE LIKE KINGS!

BETTY AND DAN ARE FORCED TO LEAD THE WAY DOWN INTO THE VAST SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS BENEATH THE MUSEUM...



LOOK! A FENCE AND A SENTRY BOX! BY THE PLANETS-- THAT MUST BE IT! THE SECRET ROOM SHOULD LIE JUST BEYOND!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE! THEY'RE SO EXCITED, THEY'VE FORGOTTEN US COMPLETELY!



SEE THAT STEEL DOOR? WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND THE HIDDEN CHAMBER! LET'S GO, BOYS!

BETTY - WAIT! DON'T FOLLOW!



BEYOND THIS DOOR WE'LL FIND THE SECRET THAT HAS BEEN GUARDED SO CAREFULLY FOR CENTURIES!

STOP STALLIN' BOSS! TURN THE HANDLE AND LET'S GO IN!

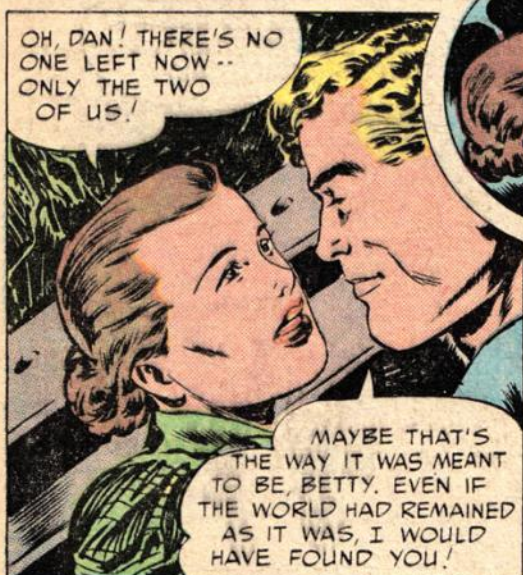
SUDDENLY - AS THE GANGSTER LEADER OPENS THE DOOR!



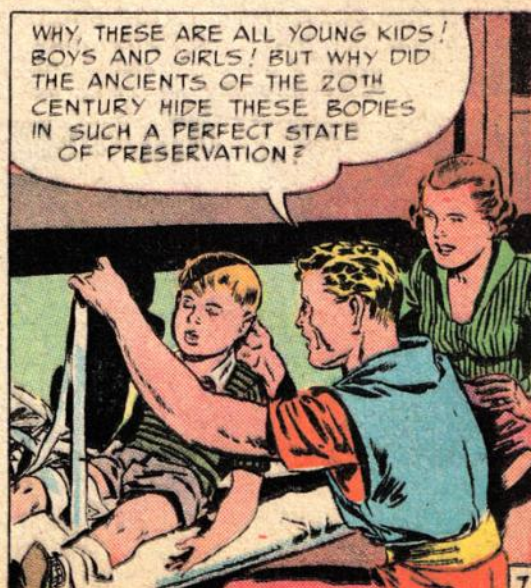
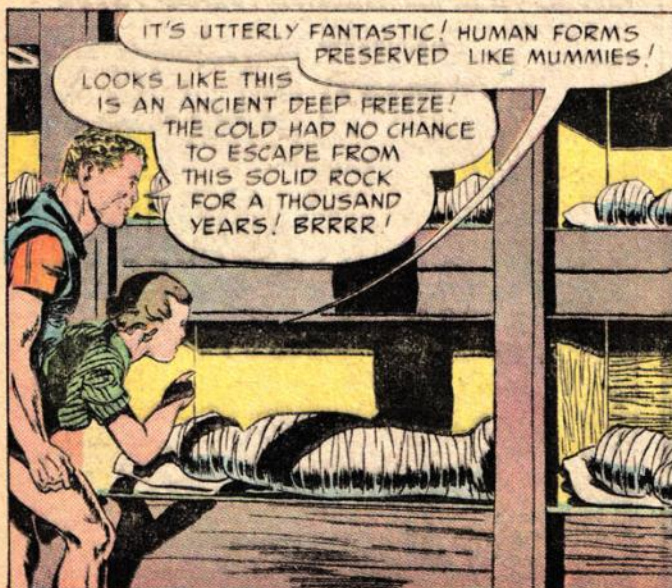
BAROOM!

AAAAAGH!





AS DAN AND BETTY ENTER THE HIDDEN CHAMBER A FANTASTIC SIGHT GREET'S THEIR WONDERING EYES...





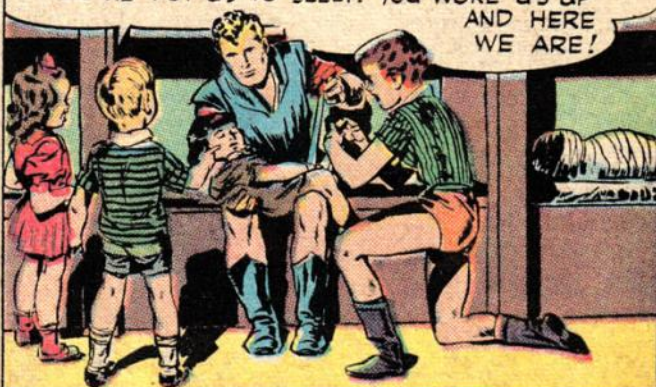
DAN GETS A STARTLING ANSWER!

UH... HELLO! GREAT PLANETS! HE'S **ALIVE!** THEN I'M JOHNNY! THEY'RE ALL IN A STATE OF **SUSPENDED ANIMATION!**



WITH THE BOY'S HELP, DAN AND BETTY HASTILY REVIVE THE OTHERS AND HEAR THEIR AMAZING STORY...

... OH, THOSE WARS WERE TERRIBLE! BUILDINGS FALLING, PEOPLE GETTING KILLED. I WAS SO AFRAID. BUT THEN A NICE OLD MAN TOOK ME TO A DARK PLACE. THESE OTHER KIDS WERE THERE! THEN HE PUT US TO SLEEP. YOU WOKE US UP AND HERE WE ARE!



WHAT A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL TWIST OF FATE! THE ATOMIC WARS DID NOT END MANKIND AS THE SCIENTISTS FEARED, AND THE KIDS WERE FORGOTTEN HERE! BUT NOW THEY WILL SAVE THE HUMAN RACE FROM EXTINCTION AFTER ALL. LITTLE DID THAT SAGE KNOW HOW **IMPORTANT** HIS WORK WAS!



THE WORLD IS OURS! AND SOMEDAY THESE CHILDREN WILL GROW UP AND RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD!

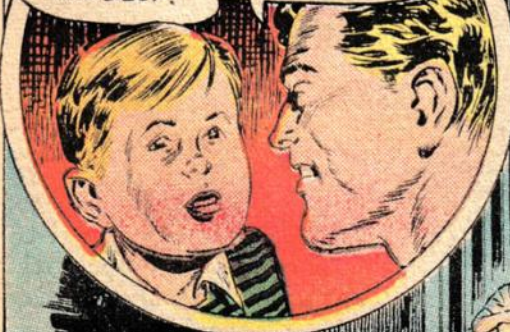
GEE! YOU MEAN EVERYBODY ELSE IS D-DEAD?

YES, JOHNNY! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY! FORTUNATELY DAN AND I ARE HERE AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU CHILDREN ARE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!



THE BAND OF YOUNGSTERS MARCH FORTH - THE NEW HOPE OF THE HUMAN RACE!

YES, THE WORLD WAS DESTROYED BY GREED, JOHNNY. MAN, WITH HIS OVER-POWERING AMBITION, ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING HIMSELF!



BUT THIS IS A NEW BEGINNING FOR ALL OF US, BETTY. THESE CHILDREN ARE DEDICATED TO THE FUTURE! AND, YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU AND ME, WE'LL DEVOTE OUR LIVES TO THEM! WE'LL WORK TO BUILD A CLEAN, NEW WORLD BASED ON FREEDOM AND REAL PEACE! MAYBE THIS TIME EARTH PEOPLE WILL SUCCEED!



The End



# DESTINY TAKES THE LONG ROAD!

"It's Willie Thompson," the guard said to Warden Jeans.

Jeans braced himself. He knew Thompson, too well. A reckless, arrogant lifer, his one interest was in stirring up trouble. "What now?" the warden asked.

"Nothing serious! It's his birthday. He wants permission to buy extra cigarettes and snacks for the boys at his table!"

"His birthday—?" The warden stopped short. He hadn't told anyone that it was his own birthday, too; he hated the celebration and the fuss. But within him, he couldn't help feeling that the day was something special. Odd that Willie Thompson should feel it, too.

Jeans rose. "It's okay. I'll tell him myself. I've been meaning to talk to him!"

Thompson looked up from his cot but didn't move as the warden came in. The prisoner's hair was unkempt, his face unshaven. Only his eyes seemed alive, with a burning blaze of murder and hatred.

"H'lo, warden!" he muttered insolently. "Sorry I can't get up. It's my leg. Always gets bad in wet weather."

"Hurt it?" Jeans asked. Having lived and used guns as casually as handkerchiefs, many of the convicts still suffered from old wounds.

"Yeah, but not the way you think! I broke it going downhill on a sled—when I was a kid!"

Willie's voice was flat and monotonous. Still his words made the warden quiver. For they made him remember another episode: an icy hill . . . children pulling their red-and-yellow sleds . . . and then, suddenly, a blinding stab of pain that had twisted and paralyzed his shoulder for months.

"Really?" the warden said at last. "Funny! I fell off a sled, too, when I was a kid! And by the way, I hear it's your birthday."

"Yeah! Thirty-nine! Ain't it a scream, keeping track, in this hole? Must be a habit. My mother started it!"

"She did?"

"You bet! I still remember the summer I was twelve! The old lady was pretty sick, and we were in the country! There weren't even any other kids! But came my birthday—"

"She got out of bed, and made you a party, anyway?"

Now it was Willie's turn to be surprised. "How'd

you know?"

But Jeans couldn't answer. He couldn't tell this killer that he, too, had been away on his twelfth birthday—it might have been the same day!—and that his mother, suffering from the illness that later took her life, had smiled her weak, brave smile, and insisted that only the party mattered.

"Mothers are like that! . . . Well, Thompson, about those cigarettes and things—it's all right! I'll send over a carton myself!"

He was glad to leave the cell. Somehow, the thought of Willie Thompson, born, perhaps, at the very same moment as he had been and leading a life so strangely similar to his own, made his skin crawl. But he couldn't forget, and an hour later, in spite of himself, he was rummaging through the files for the records on Willie Thompson.

He shouldn't have. For each word, each line, was one more link binding their destinies. Jeans could hardly believe his eyes, but, as though hypnotized, he read on. Measles . . . scarlet fever . . . nearsightedness . . . the parents dying young . . . the frequent short trips away from home . . . almost to the day . . . the time spent with grandparents, or at school.

Jeans slammed the cabinet shut. "It's nothing!" he told himself. "It doesn't mean a thing! Just a lot of coincidences!"

But he couldn't forget Thompson, or keep away from him. And the more they talked together, the more it seemed that their lives were incredible echoes of each other, as if they'd been planned by the same chart. Thompson might have been his twin brother!

Like that time they were talking about girls. It was visitors' day, and most of the men were excited and cheerful, encouraged by the small gifts from, and the kind words of, their sweethearts or wives.

"It makes a man wish he was married!" Willie burst out.

"Ever consider it?"

"Sure—" he paused. "Only she wouldn't have me! She was cute, too, a red-head—"

But Jeans wasn't listening. His mind raced back . . . back to Mary Gordon, and the day she'd said *no*! That's when he'd decided to take up criminology, to forget his own troubles in the troubles of others.

Willie was still talking. "That's when I pulled my first job . . . after we broke up. I was too upset



to work steady, and anyway, nothing mattered any more."

So that was how Fate had brought them on the opposite sides of the law! Just one wrong turn, and he, *Jeans*, might have been a second Thompson. And with it all, they'd ended up in the same place!

Jeans' brain was in a whirl as he left. He'd heard of such things, of powers that govern men, of destinies that can twist a life like a paper straw. But, he couldn't, he *wouldn't* believe it.

"It's just coincidence," he grumbled to himself. "Probably *all* the prisoners have been jilted—or fallen off sleds."

A week later, he stopped pretending. It was the morning he woke up with that throbbing pain over one eye—and his fingers too numb to hold a razor. When two aspirins didn't help, he managed to call the prison doctor.

He waited a long time for the doctor's voice. "Hello?"

"Hello! This is Jeans! Listen—"

"Can I call you back, warden? I've got a patient now—Willie Thompson!"

Jeans knew the doctor's next words before they came.

"It's a headache!" the voice was saying. "Migraine, a very rare sort. Splitting pain over one eye, and a numbness of the fingers! I've studied it in books, but this is the first case I've ever seen!"

Jeans couldn't control his shaking hand. There was only one hope—one must have caught it from the other.

"Is it contagious?" His voice faltered.

"Oh, no! And very rare—as I said!"

Jeans slammed down the receiver.

What did it mean? How had it happened? What escape was there? Why, WHY had destiny chained him to Willie Thompson? There was no use babbling "coincidence." The word had become empty as a broken shell. He had to face the facts—and the facts were that he and Thompson shared one life, as irrevocably as if they were one person. The thought pounded in his throbbing brain.

If only there were someone to whom he could talk! But . . . *who*? How could a mature, responsible man confess to a blind superstition that any fool would laugh at? No, the answer, if there *were* an answer, lay between himself and Willie Thompson.

But he never learned it. Three days later, armed with a pair of scissors picked up in the infirmary, Willie Thompson escaped.

Within minutes, a special meeting was called. Jeans sat at his desk; with him were the guards, two Washington detectives, and the lieutenant-governor.

"A deadly killer is loose!" the lieutenant-governor was saying, "and we *must* get him back."

Jeans nodded. And then a detective spoke. "Dead or alive!"

DEAD! The word crashed in Jeans' brain like the crack of a gun. *Not dead*, he wanted to scream! Because if Thompson died—his mind couldn't finish the thought.

But Thompson would not die. He, Jeans, would make sure of that. Slowly, he turned to the group. "I'd like to go after Thompson myself!"

And Jeans picked up the killer's trail. A second-hand clothes-dealer supplied the first tip; a waitress near the railroad yards, the second. And just before dawn, two days after Thompson had escaped, Jeans caught up with him . . . heading for the 5:18 fast freight.

Fortunately, he saw Thompson first. Crouching, he dashed across the yard to the train embankment, 100 feet away.

Then, with his revolver lifted, he turned upon Willie: "Stop!"

The convict only ran faster. The 5:18 was due in another minute.

"Stop, Thompson! You're throwing away your life. You haven't a chance!"

No answer.

"Thompson! I'll—shoot!"

But the fleeing man didn't even falter. In the distance, Jeans heard the roar of the 5:18. Slowly, he aimed the gun.

But his arm froze in mid-air. What if he *was* crazy, superstitious? It would be suicide to kill Thompson! He couldn't do it! He'd miss—claim it was an accident! . . .

Still it was no use. Warden Jeans, in pursuit of a killer who had to be stopped at all costs, couldn't hesitate now. Even if it meant one extra life.

Deliberately, gritting his teeth, he took aim and fired.

He caught one glimpse of Thompson, staggering and then crashing to the ground—

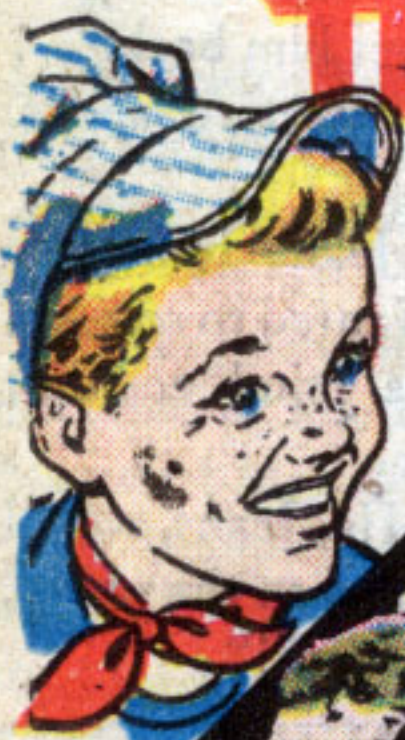
And then it happened. The recoil of Jeans' gun caught him off guard. He swerved, tried to balance—and toppled off the embankment. Too late for the 5:18 to stop.

The papers called Jeans' death a dreadful accident. Maybe it was. Or was it destiny . . . tying him to Willie Thompson in death, as it had in life.



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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**see special coupon offer!**

**SPECIAL COUPON OFFER**  
**ALL FOR 25¢**

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Lionel Trains  
and accessories  
in Catalogue



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**whistles...**  
**horns...** on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.



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FULL-  
COLOR  
BILLBOARDS**



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3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# The CYCLE of TIME!

W-WE'RE DONE FOR! HE'LL  
RIP THIS THING APART LIKE  
AN EGG-SHELL!

TAMPERING WITH **TIME**  
IS A DANGEROUS THING...  
BUT WE STILL HAVE  
**ONE CHANCE...**

**T**O BE ABLE TO TRAVEL  
INTO THE PAST TO PILLAGE  
AND ROB WITH 20TH CENTURY  
WEAPONS SEEMED TO BE  
THE MOST FOOL-PROOF  
SYSTEM OF CRIME EVER  
DEvised!

AND YET, FRED McCANN  
HAD OVERLOOKED **ONE  
THING!** TIME MOVES  
IN REGULAR WAVES, AND  
EVENTUALLY EVERY MAN  
MUST COMPLETE...

*The Cycle of DEATH*



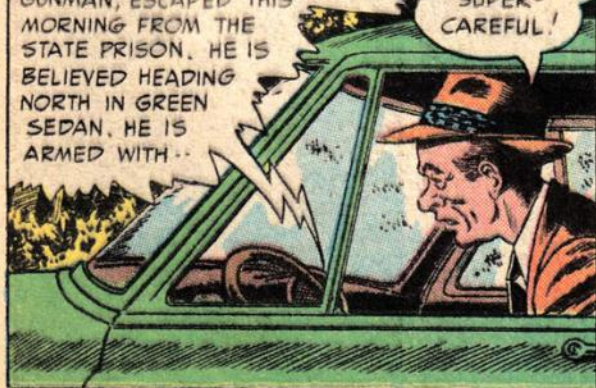
MURPHY  
ANDERSON

THE AFTERNOON CALM OF THE MINNESOTA WOODS  
WAS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF FRED McCANN'S  
RACING MOTOR AND TOO-LOUD RADIO. SUDDENLY,  
McCANN FROWNED AND...

AND NOW, THE **THREE O'CLOCK**  
NEWS! FRED McCANN, CONVICTED  
GUNMAN, ESCAPED THIS  
MORNING FROM THE  
STATE PRISON. HE IS  
BELIEVED HEADING  
NORTH IN GREEN  
SEDAN. HE IS  
ARMED WITH...

**BLAST THE  
LUCK! I'LL  
HAVE TO BE  
SUPER-  
CAREFUL!**

**TIME IS THE IMPORTANT  
THING NOW... HEY! THAT  
MAN STANDING IN THE  
ROAD! HE'D BETTER  
GET OUT OF THE  
WAY FAST!**





EVEN AT THE GREAT SPEED AT WHICH HE WAS GOING AND THE SUDDENNESS OF THE MAN'S APPEARANCE IN THE ROAD, MCCANN MIGHT HAVE STOPPED, HAD NOT HIS REFLEXES BEEN FROZEN BY WHAT HE SAW!

**THE FOOL!** WHAT'S THE MATTER W... WH... WHY... H-HE... LOOKS LIKE ME! I'M GOING TO HIT HIM! I CAN'T STOP!



MY EYES MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'VE GOT TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN!



(GASP) IT'S CRAZY!... IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT MY OWN CORPSE!



BUT, SAY, IF HE LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE ME FOR ME TO THINK SO, MAYBE HE'LL FOOL THE COPS INTO THINKING HE'S ME WHEN THEY FIND HIS BODY!... AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SLIP OVER THE BORDER!



KILLING THIS GUY BY ACCIDENT MIGHT BE MY LUCKY BREAK! I'LL-- HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE!



THE NOISE IS COMING FROM THAT STRANGE LOOKING MACHINE OVER THERE!... HUH! MAYBE THIS GUY I RAN OVER WASN'T ALONE? WHAT IF SOMEBODY SAW ME RUN HIM DOWN?





HOLY SMOKE! I  
MUST BE GOING  
NUTS!



FROM *WHERE*?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
MUGS TRYING  
TO HAND ME?

WE KNOW IT IS HARD  
FOR YOU TO BELIEVE,  
BUT IT IS TRUE. WE ARE  
SCIENTISTS FROM **ALPHA  
CENTAURI**, A SOLAR  
SYSTEM TRILLIONS OF LIGHT  
YEARS AWAY FROM THE EARTH  
AND THE SUN!



WHAT---! STOP  
OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT YOUR WEAPON  
AWAY, EARTHMAN!  
WE ARE FRIENDS!  
WE CAME FROM  
ALPHA CENTAURI!



WHEN MCCANN RECOVERED ENOUGH FROM THE SHOCK  
OF THE STRANGE SERIES OF EVENTS TO THINK  
CLEARLY, THE STORY TOLD BY THE CREATURES  
FROM THE DISTANT WORLD BEGAN TO PENETRATE...

WE CAME TO EARTH IN OUR NEW  
TIME-SPACE MACHINE, A DEVICE  
THAT SYNCHRONIZES ITSELF WITH  
VIBRATIONS OF PAST AND  
FUTURE EVENTS. BUT COME,  
SINCE YOU ARE THE FIRST  
EARTHMAN WE HAVE MET,  
WE WILL SHOW YOU!

OKAY, BUT  
DON'T TRY  
ANYTHING  
FUNNY ON  
ME! I'M  
WARNING YOU!



SEE HOW SIMPLE THIS  
IS TO OPERATE! I JUST  
SET THE DIALS TO THE  
TIME OF THE EARLY DAYS  
OF YOUR WORLD, FOR EXAMPLE...  
**ONE MILLION YEARS  
AGO TODAY!**

HEY! WHAT  
THE---



BEFORE MCCANN CAN STOP THE CENTAURIAN, THE  
DIAL IS SET AND...

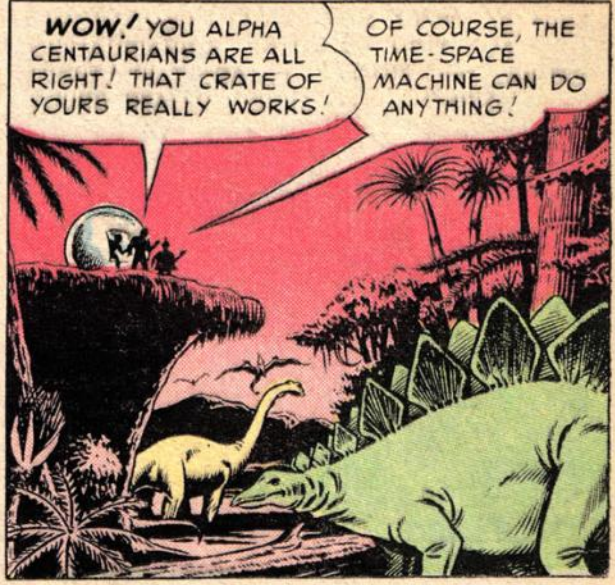






OH-H-H... WHAT HAPPENED?

BEHOLD! YOU ARE NOW IN WHAT YOUR GEOLOGISTS CALL PREHISTORIC TIMES!



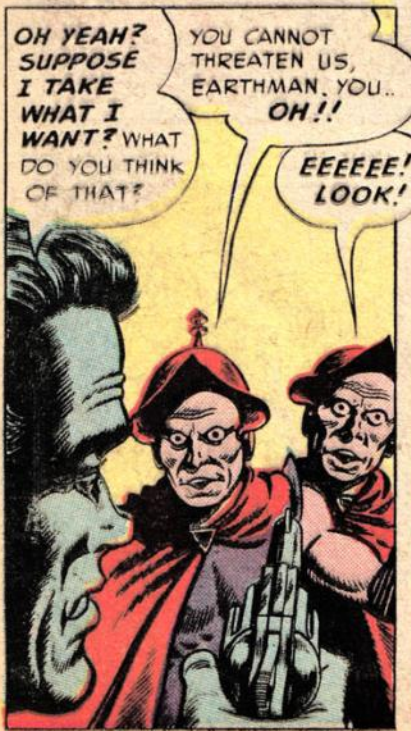
WOW! YOU ALPHA CENTAURIANS ARE ALL RIGHT! THAT CRATE OF YOURS REALLY WORKS!

OF COURSE, THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE CAN DO ANYTHING!



LOOK! PURE GOLD! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! SAY, HELP ME GET SOME MORE AND WE'LL LOAD UP THE MACHINE!

OH, NO! WHEN WE BUILT THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE WE TOOK AN OATH NOT TO USE IT TO TAKE ANYTHING FROM EITHER PAST OR FUTURE AGES! WE ONLY OBSERVE! WE TAKE NOTHING!



OH YEAH? SUPPOSE I TAKE WHAT I WANT? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

YOU CANNOT THREATEN US, EARTHMAN. YOU... OH!!

EEEEEE! LOOK!



WHAT IS THAT MONSTER?

I SAW A PICTURE OF ONE IN A MUSEUM ONCE! IT'S A TYRANNO-SAURUS, THE MOST MURDEROUS ANIMAL THAT EVER WALKED THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

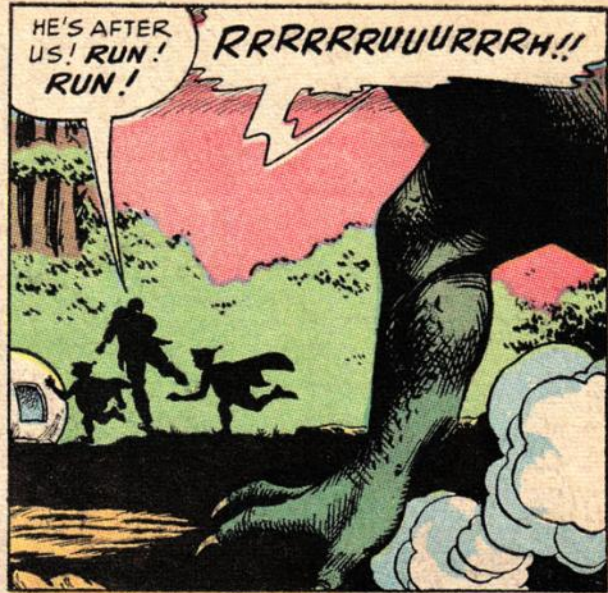
AHHRR! IT IS WATCHING US!



MAYBE I CAN KILL HIM!

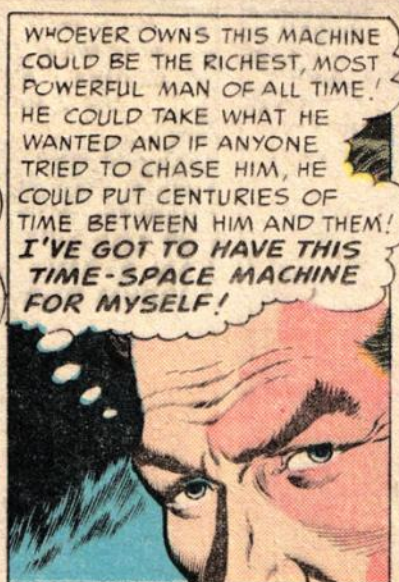
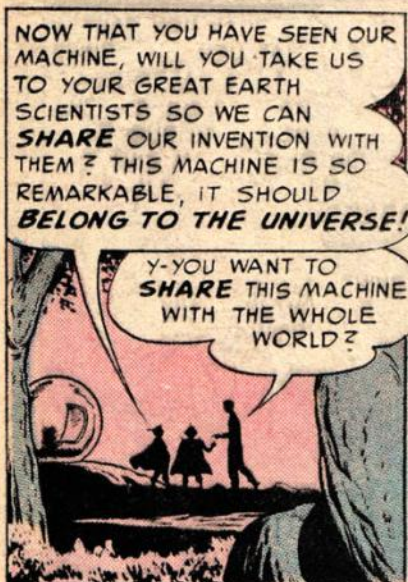
BAM BAM







WITH THE WHIRRING SOUND, THE TIME-SPACE MACHINE FADED FROM THE AGE OF PRE-HISTORIC MONSTERS AND REAPPEARED IN THE PRESENT! IT WAS HARD TO SAY WHO WAS THE MORE SURPRISED BY THIS MAGIC-LIKE FEAT OF SCIENCE--FRED MCCANN OR THE TYRANNOSAURUS!







MCCANN BECAME SO ENGROSSED, HE DID NOT SEE THE GREEN SEDAN BEARING DOWN UPON HIM...



FRED MCCANN WAS LOOKING AT HIS OWN CORPSE! IN FACT HE HAD JUST KILLED HIMSELF FOR THE SECOND TIME! HE HAD THOUGHT TO MASTER TIME... HE HAD TRIED TO COMPEL IT TO BECOME A WEAPON FOR HIS OWN SELFISH SCHEMES. BUT THE ONE THING HE DID NOT PLAN ON -- THE ONE THING HE DID NOT KNOW - WAS THAT IN TIME, EVERYONE MUST EVENTUALLY COMPLETE HIS... **DEATH CYCLE!**



**Breath-Taking Action As Dr. Tom Rogers Fights Crime In**



**Dr. Tom Rogers**  
Prison Psychologist

# THE **CRIME CLINIC**

**Read It!**

**See It  
Happen!**

**No. 3  
Now On  
Sale!**

THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME  
HERE, DOC, BUT THEY  
WON'T GET ME! LET ME  
AT 'EM! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

LISTEN TO ME,  
LARRY! THE  
THINGS YOU  
SEE DON'T  
EVEN EXIST!

What closely-guarded secret  
of his past made Larry Baker  
go berserk on his parole day?  
Where does his fiancée, Ellen  
Courtney, fit into the confusing  
puzzle? How can DR. TOM  
ROGERS meet this startling  
challenge and effect

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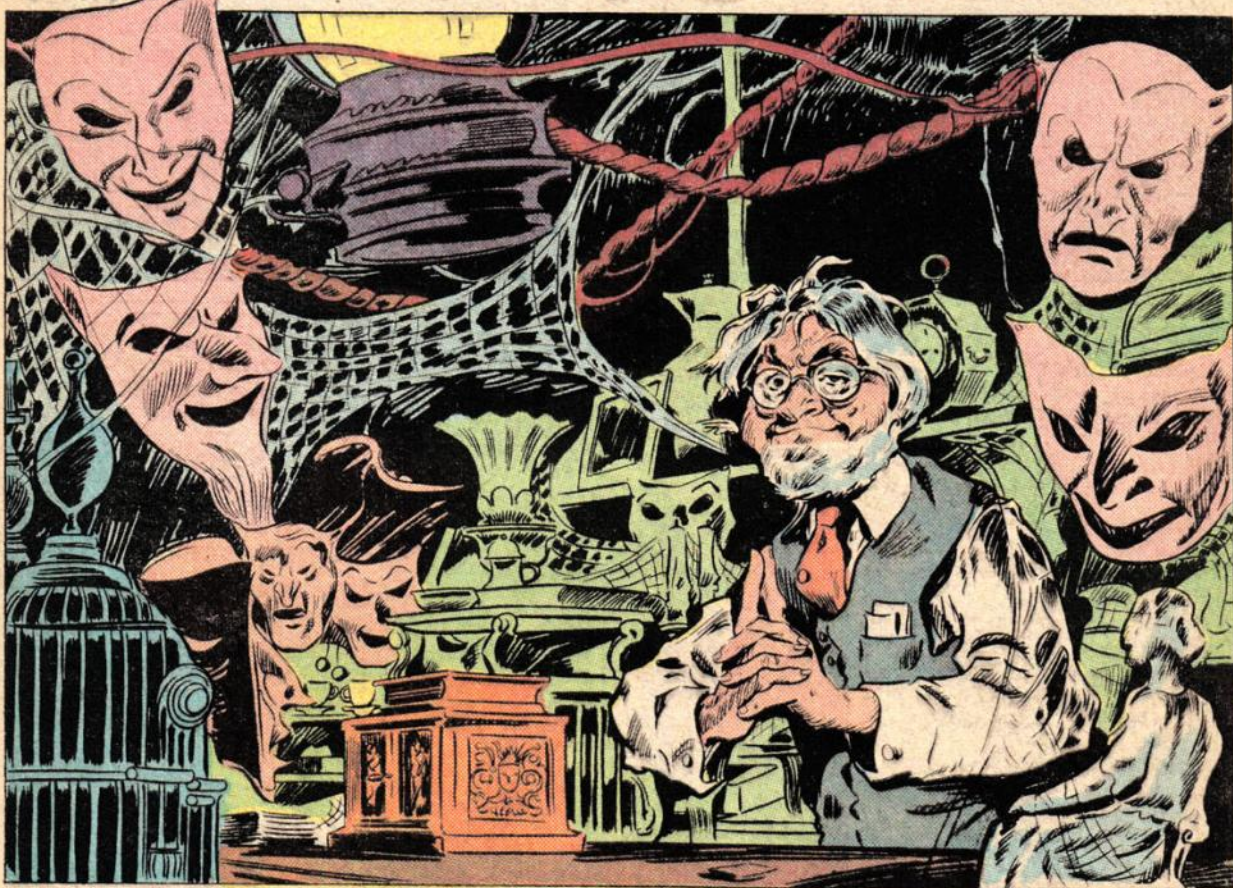
**Ziff-Davis Publishing Company**

**366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.**



IT WAS A STRANGE TINY SHOP, THE KIND OF PLACE YOU WOULD PASS A THOUSAND TIMES AND NEVER NOTICE. YET, ONCE ITS THRESHOLD WAS CROSSED, IT WAS LIKE ENTERING A DIFFERENT WORLD. DO YOU DARE TO COME WITH US TO HEAR AND SEE THE CHILLING STORY BEHIND THE...

# MURDERER'S MASK



LATE ONE EVENING IN THE MANSION OF OLD JEREMIAH BLANSHARD...

I'VE PAMPERED YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS, DONALD— BUT **THIS** IS THE END! I REFUSE TO PAY ANOTHER PENNY FOR YOUR GAMBLING DEBTS. DO YOU HEAR? **NOT ONE PENNY!**

BUT IT'S ONLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, UNCLE!

ONLY FIVE HUNDRED, YOU SAY? WHY, YOU YOUNG SCAMP, I'LL—



MY HEART! D-DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CALL THE BUTLER! ANYONE-- **HURRY!**

OF COURSE! ANYTHING FOR MY **FAVORITE UNCLE!**

AFTER THE BUTLER ARRIVES.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT THE DOCTOR LEFT STRICT ORDERS THAT MR. BLANSHARD WAS TO HAVE COMPLETE REST-- ESPECIALLY AFTER ONE OF HIS SEIZURES. I'LL LOOK AFTER HIM!

I'M SURE YOU WILL, PETERS! NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO UNCLE!





TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AS THE BROODING YOUNG MAN WALKS THE DESERTED STREETS, AN UGLY PLAN BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF HURRYING THINGS ALONG. UNCLE JEREMIAH HAS A BAD HEART, BUT WITH THE CARE HE GETS HE COULD LIVE FOR TEN YEARS BEFORE I GET TO INHERIT HIS FORTUNE!



THERE ARE PLENTY OF WAYS, BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL... IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOME-- WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



ONE OF THESE MASKS WOULD DO IT ALL RIGHT. ALL UNCLE JEREMIAH NEEDS IS **ONE GOOD SCARE**--AND IT WOULD BE HIS LAST! IT'LL LOOK LIKE JUST ORDINARY HEART FAILURE!



WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION, DONALD ENTERS THE SHOP...

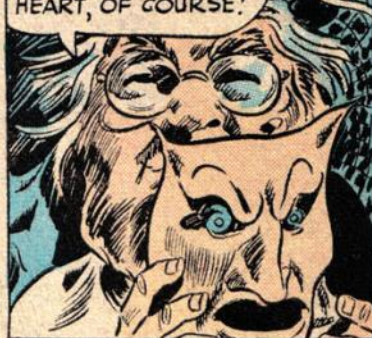
IT'S FUNNY THAT I NEVER NOTICED YOUR PLACE BEFORE. BUT YOUR MASKS ARE THE BEST I'VE SEEN!

IT'S ONLY A SMALL SHOP, SIR, AND EASILY PASSED BY! HOWEVER, IF IT'S A MASK YOU WANT, YOU'LL FIND IT HERE.



NOW HERE'S ONE I'M ESPECIALLY FOND OF. IN ITS OWN QUIET WAY IT'S A SHOCKER. YOU MIGHT SPRING IT ON AN OLD FRIEND SOME EVENING--PROVIDING THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS HEART, OF COURSE!

YEAH, THAT WOULD BE FUN... I'LL TAKE IT!



GOOD NIGHT, SIR, AND I DO HOPE MY LITTLE MASK BRINGS YOU A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE!

I THINK IT WILL!



HURRYING BACK TO HIS UNCLE'S MANSION, DONALD SLIPS THE MASK OVER HIS FACE AND THEN MAKES A CAUTIOUS ENTRY...

ONLY A FEW MORE STEPS TO GO! IN ANOTHER MINUTE...





IS THAT YOU, DONALD?  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?  
DONALD - WHY DON'T  
YOU ANSWER ME?



A-A-A-A-AAGH!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!  
BUT THAT SCREAM IS  
BRINGING THE SERVANTS.  
I MUSTN'T LET THEM  
FIND ME WITH THIS  
MASK ON.



I CAN'T GET IT OFF!  
IT'S STUCK TO  
MY FACE!



MR. BLANSARD!  
HE'S DEAD!

THAT MAN  
KILLED HIM!  
GRAB HIM!



LET GO OF ME, YOU FOOLS!  
HE HAD A HEART ATTACK!  
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

HURRY, MARY!  
CALL THE POLICE!



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

HE SAYS HE'S  
YOUNG MR.  
BLANSARD.  
**BUT HE ISN'T!**

IT'S THE MASK,  
YOU IDIOT!  
CAN'T YOU SEE  
IT'S A MASK? I'LL  
EXPLAIN EVERYTHING,  
ONLY TAKE IT OFF!

SAY...  
IT DOES  
LOOK  
LIKE A  
MASK!





QUICKLY, THE DETECTIVE RIPS THE MASK FREE, BUT...





# HEADED FOR THE STARS

LESS THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO, ON A BLEAK NORTH CAROLINA BEACH, TWO BROTHERS ACCOMPLISHED A FEAT MEN HAD DREAMED OF FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...



YES, THAT WAS ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT'S TEST OF THEIR FLYING MACHINE AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA, ON DEC. 17, 1903 — THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR CRAFT IN HISTORY!

ON JULY 25, 1909, BLERIOT, A FRENCHMAN, PILOTED HIS TINY MONOPLANE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



SO BLERIOT DID IT! FLEW ACROSS THE CHANNEL FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND!

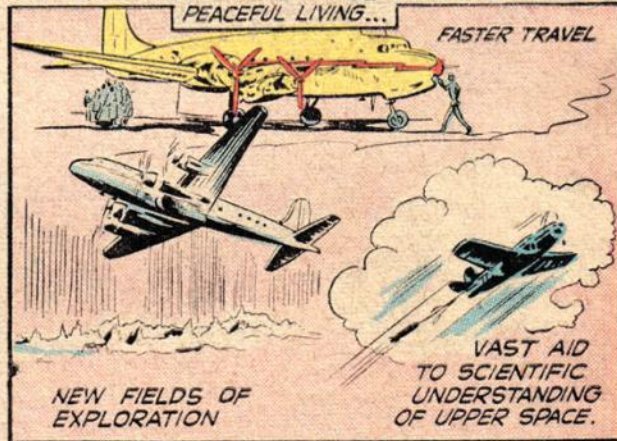
YES, IT IS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA! NO LONGER IS ENGLAND FREE FROM ATTACK BECAUSE SHE IS AN ISLAND!

THE FEARS OF ENGLISHMEN WERE TO BE REALIZED DURING THE TERRIBLE NAZI BLITZES OF WORLD WAR II



IT'S HORRIBLE! THE AIRPLANE WAS INVENTED LESS THAN FORTY YEARS AGO—AND ALREADY IT'S THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON MAN EVER INVENTED!

WHILE PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD DESPAIRED BECAUSE OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY AIRCRAFT, THE FLYING MACHINE ALSO MADE CONTRIBUTIONS TO PEACEFUL LIVING...



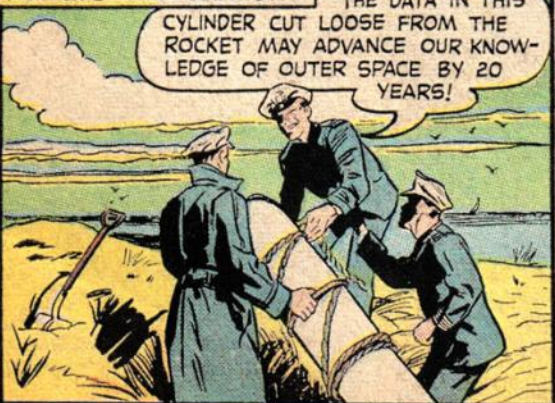
FASTER TRAVEL

NEW FIELDS OF EXPLORATION

VAST AID TO SCIENTIFIC UNDERSTANDING OF UPPER SPACE.

TODAY, WITH ROCKET AND JET-PROPULSION WELL ADVANCED, SCIENCE IS CONSTANTLY LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE EXTREMES OF UPPER SPACE, THROUGH INSTRUMENTS CARRIED BY THE ROCKETS THEMSELVES...

THE DATA IN THIS CYLINDER CUT LOOSE FROM THE ROCKET MAY ADVANCE OUR KNOWLEDGE OF OUTER SPACE BY 20 YEARS!



IN LESS THAN A HALF-CENTURY, PLANE SPEEDS HAVE INCREASED FROM 40 MILES PER HOUR TO AS HIGH AS 1200! IF THE SAME RATIO CAN BE MAINTAINED IN THE NEXT 50 YEARS, THE MYSTERIES OF INTER-PLANETARY REGIONS MAY BE SOLVED AND MEN MAY LAND ON MARS AND VENUS!



HMMM, GET OUT THE CHARTS, GEORGE! WHAT PLANET IS THIS?

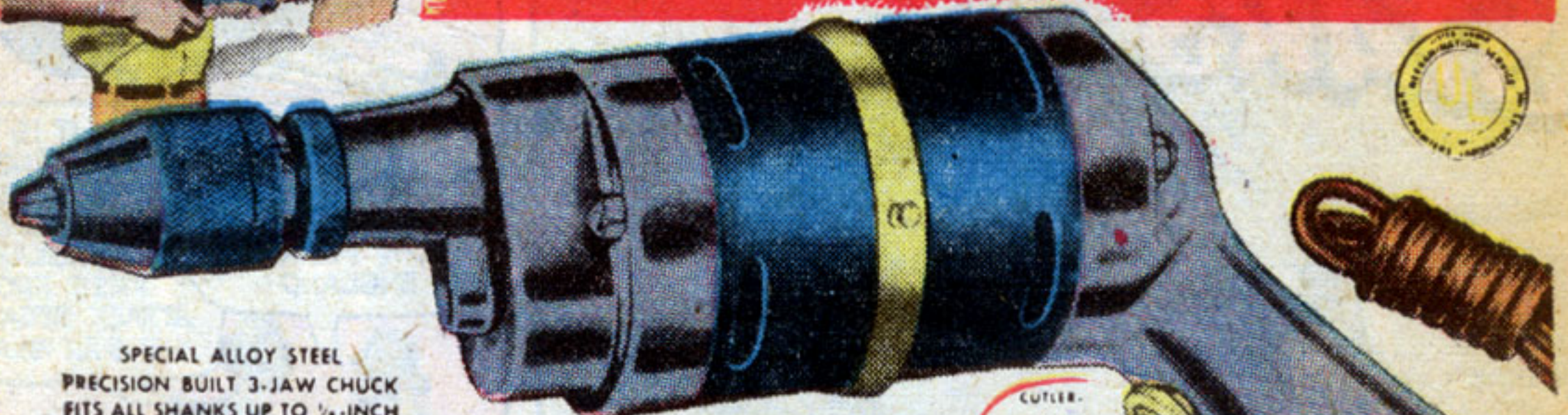
I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT IT WAS MARS, BUT MAYBE WE MADE A WRONG TURN!





# 36-PIECE ELECTRIC WORK KIT

1001 Uses for Home, Workshop, Farm and Factory



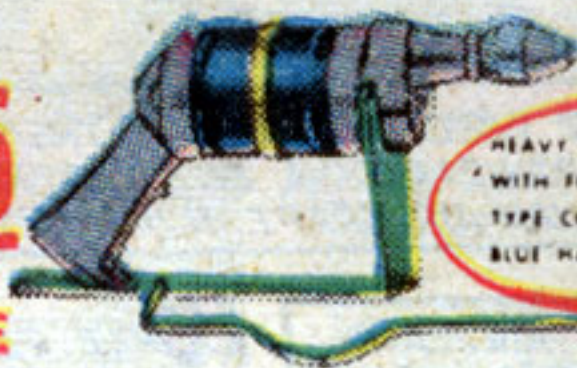
SPECIAL ALLOY STEEL  
PRECISION BUILT 3-JAW CHUCK  
FITS ALL SHANKS UP TO 1/4-INCH

STEEL BENCH STAND INCLUDED  
USE AS BENCH OR HAND TOOL

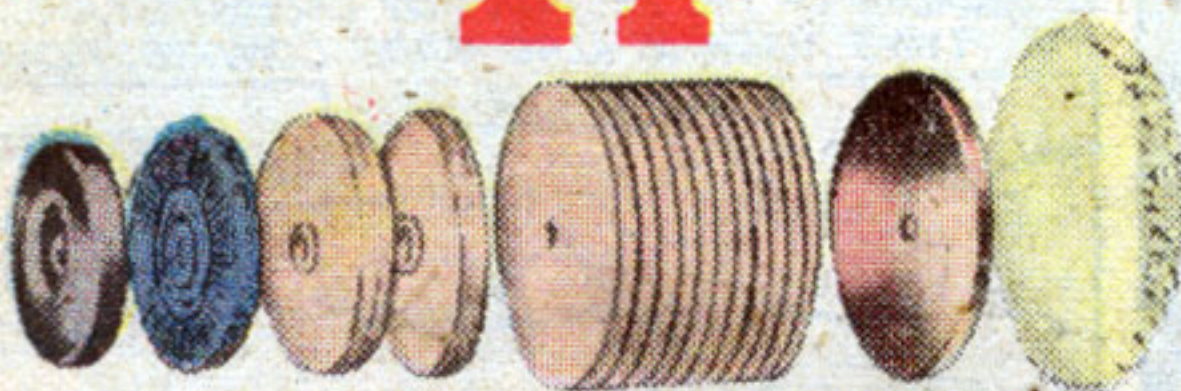
Never Before—Never Again  
a Value Like This

Everything  
You Need  
for only

**\$14.95**  
COM-  
PLETE



HEAVY GAUGE STEEL CASE  
WITH FULL LENGTH PIANO  
TYPE COVER HINGE—  
BLUE HAMMERLOD FINISH



YOU'LL FIND 1001 WAYS TO USE THESE MANY ACCESSORIES FOR

• BUFFING • CLEANING • DRILLING • RUST REMOVING • GRINDING • POLISHING  
• RUBBING • WIRE BRUSHING • SANDING • WAXING • SHARPENING • MIXING PAINT

1	7	3	5	1	3	1
4	32	16	32	8	32	16



## POLISHES



Autos  
Floors  
Silverware  
and other  
metal &  
wood  
surfaces

## SANDS



Table tops  
Autos  
before  
painting

## SHARPENS



Tools, knives,  
scissors,  
skates

## DRILLS



holes  
up to  
1/4 inch  
in  
metal,  
wood  
and  
similar  
surfaces

## MIXES



Mix  
paint  
in  
one  
minute  
★  
also  
mix  
feed

## BRUSHES



scour and clean  
pots & pans

## BUFFS



Jewelry  
Silverware  
Golf Clubs  
Watches,  
Tools, etc.

A HANDY KIT FOR  
SO MANY USEFUL JOBS

Try For 10 Days In Your Own Home  
On Our No-Risk Examination Offer!

See for yourself how FAST and EASY  
this AMAZING ELECTRIC WORK KIT  
enables you to do those tough jobs

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is the 1st time this 36-piece Electric Work Kit has  
ever been offered by us for the LOW PRICE of only  
\$14.95. You must be entirely satisfied and agree it is the  
great value we represent it to be or you can return the  
kit within 10 days for full refund.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola, Chicago 26, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail This "No-Risk" Coupon Today!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9835  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the 36-Piece Electric Work Kit, com-  
plete as shown, C.O.D. at your special LOW PRICE of only  
\$14.95 plus C.O.D. postage charges. I must be delighted in  
every way or I can return Kit within 10 days for full refund.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you to own the kind  
of Electric Drill Work Kit you've always wanted—at a price  
many dollars below what you might ordinarily expect to pay  
for such a quality outfit. You'll be delighted with the way  
this miracle Electric Work Kit of a 1001 uses performs.  
You'll be amazed to see how quickly its accessory pieces  
enable you to automatically complete one job after another—  
with the greatest of ease and skill. No man can afford to be  
without this many purpose Electric Drill Kit. Yet even  
housewives will find it invaluable for polishing, buffing and  
sharpening hundreds of household items. This marvelous new  
work-saver is precision built throughout of sturdiest mate-  
rial—is fully covered with a written guarantee and is Un-  
derwriters Laboratories approved. Complete, easy-to-follow  
instructions are included with every kit.

**HURRY! Get Yours While Supply Lasts!**

These Kits will go fast on this Bargain Offer so  
RUSH YOUR ORDER on the Handy Coupon Today!



# METALS FOR THE FUTURE

SPACE TRAVEL WILL REQUIRE LIGHT, TREMENDOUSLY STRONG METALS. BUT SCIENCE HAS SUCH MATERIALS IN AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY.

ORDINARY CLAY

SALT WATER

CLAY AND SALT WATER CONTAIN THE RAW MATERIALS FOR THE LIGHTWEIGHT METALS THE FUTURE DEMANDS.

YES, FROM COMMON CLAY AND SEA WATER ALUMINUM AND MAGNESIUM, THE LIGHTEST, STRONGEST METALS IN EXISTENCE CAN BE EXTRACTED.



THE CHART SHOWS THAT ALUMINUM WEIGHS ONLY ONE-THIRD AS MUCH AS IRON, AND MAGNESIUM WEIGHS ONLY TWO-THIRDS AS MUCH AS ALUMINUM.

DURALUMIN AN ALLOY OF ALUMINUM, COPPER AND MAGNESIUM, IS AS STRONG AS STEEL, BUT WEIGHS ONLY A THIRD AS MUCH.



NOT ONLY THAT, DURALUMIN DOESN'T RUST AWAY, OR NEED A PAINT JOB!

AS REMARKABLE AS DURALUMIN IS, A NEW ALLOY, CALLED 755 IS EVEN BETTER.

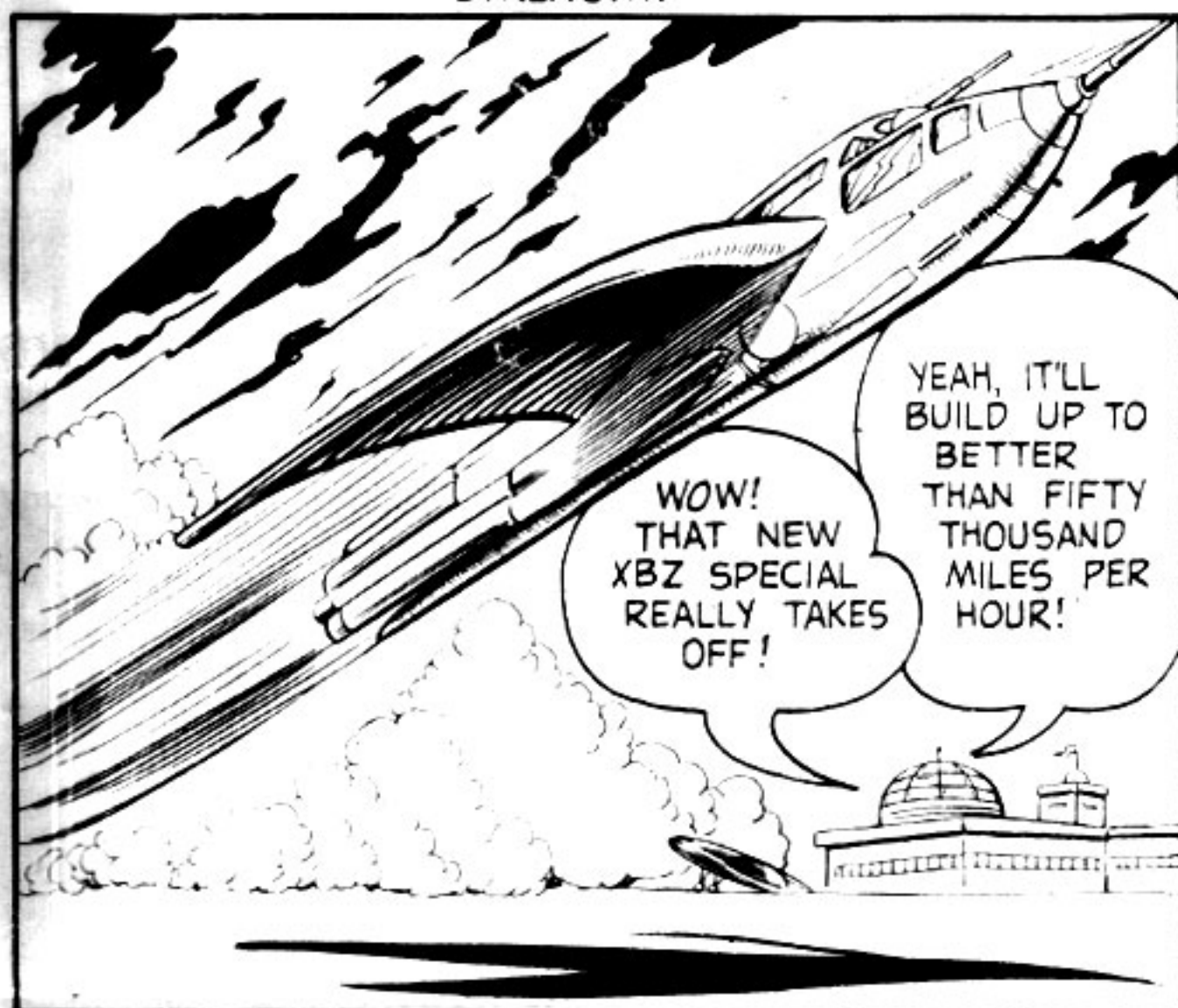
USING THIS 755 IN THE UPPER WING SPARS REDUCES A B-29'S WEIGHT 400 POUNDS!

YES, WEIGHS LESS AND IS STRONGER!



METALS LIKE THESE WILL SOLVE MANY OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE FAST ADVANCING SPACE AGE! HUGE INTER-PLANETARY ROCKETS MUST BE LIGHT AND OF GREAT STRENGTH.

BESIDES GREAT STRENGTH AND LIGHTNESS, ALLOYS SUCH AS 755 CAN WITHSTAND THE RAPID TEMPERATURE CHANGES ENCOUNTERED IN FLIGHTS TO OUTER SPACE.



YEAH, IT'LL BUILD UP TO BETTER THAN FIFTY THOUSAND MILES PER HOUR!



PERHAPS THESE METALS WILL ENABLE MAN TO REACH OTHER PLANETS, AND TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF AS YET UNDISCOVERED AND EVEN STRONGER AND LIGHTER MATERIALS.



